

Spartans in Arms

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-12-07 03:13:14

Updated: 2006-12-07 03:13:14

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:11:39

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,060

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Taken as a child, raised as a spartan, barely knew his parents, commanding a group of men who are like him, this is his story. Please Review so can continue.

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Disclaimer: This is not the life of Spartan-117. This is the story of another.

"Alpha Team! Get Back!" I screamed. But they did nothing, I could hear them screaming; their shrill screams burned past my suit and into my ears. I could not let my Team be killed again. I vowed never to fail again!

Sergeant Valor ran up to me, "Sir, Covenant forces moving west! They are changing direction! What do we do? We're running out of on ground forces!" He sounded scared, but so was I. The Covenant was moving around us since they could not get through the main gates. They were going to take out the Defense Artillery; then us.

"Move ground forces one and two to the Defense Artillery! Move Sniper Red Team to the hills above the Artillery. We must defend them at all costs! I do not care what it takes soldier! Just do it!" I was terrified. I never felt this way. I never felt fear before. It was not of the Covenant; it was the fear of letting them down.

I was 5 years of age. I had a father; a mother; an uncle; an aunt. My life was going to be perfect. Get in a good college, get a good paying job, and die the way I wanted.

It was January 14, 2189. The news said things about an alien race alert and the world's we lived on were to be isolated until the threat was solved. My parents hid in our cellar where they put away food and drinks that would keep us alive for at least 2 months.

We heard a rumble come from the ceiling above us in the cellar. Footstepsâ€|that of normal people. My father opened the hatch above my head.

Two men in dark suits. They carried a 5mm pistol with them and wore a patch on their shoulder that said UNSC. My mother cried, my father looked away and grabbed my hand. He pushed my head above through the hatch.

They held me and examined me; while my mother and father held handsâ€|all they did was nod and carried me to their carâ€|.a black limo type car. It read UNSC as the patches did.

They started up the car. Then drove off. I looked at my motherâ€|she was crying and my father tried to help her calm down. I did not know what would come before me in the next 10 to 15 yearsâ€|.but I would not like it.

"Attention!" I stood up from my bag in a straight gesture. Sergeant Blendbeisn stood before us to the biggest moment we would ever remember. Acceptance into the UNSC as a Spartan.

I became really nervous. My hands shook, my knees shook and my head ran through what I would do if I wasn't chosen. Only 10 of the possible 50 would be chosen to be Spartans and fight the Covenant forces.

"It's a good day Kiddies! (That's what he called us in training cause a fellow Spartan in Training cried cause he was too tired and couldn't finish the training) Today is the day we find out which one of you cry baby's become Spartans! In my hand, I hold the final report. I will say your name and you will come up and I will tell you if you have made it! Do you understand?" He looked at all of us down the line in a veryâ€|unhappy mood.

"Yes sir!" Everyone replied.

"First off! SIT-122!" Looking into the line of us, then he stepped out.

He read off the lineâ€|.one by one

He got halfway and then the guy next to me, SIT-190 was about to lose itâ€|He was quaking in his stance. I had no idea how much longer he was going to make it.

I whispered to him, "Heyâ€|dude calm downâ€|."

"Iâ€|I can'tâ€|.i'm not going to make it! I won't!" He started panting

"If you don't stop we're both going to be in troubleâ€|." I tried to look at him with a calm look but that didn't help.

His name was calledâ€|"SIT-190!"

He tried to ease himself over to the Sergeant. He could've died there, but he held through. It impressed me. The Sergeant showed him his record. I don't know what it said, but he stopped shivering and

stood up and stayed in his stance and said quietly "Reporting for duty, sir." As he quickly got in his position in line.

The last few were called and as I watched their faces went from confident to displeased and disappointed. From the looks on the 45 who were brought up, 9 had a "Commander's" look on them. The ones who weren't chosen had a sad look on them. Some I knew wouldn't make itâ€|some I thought should've.

The final calls came down. SIT-174, SIT-127â€|Then came me. I did not see the first few who had gone up, I was too nervous. He called meâ€|

"SIT-099!" I walked up, I didn't know what to expect. "Yes" or "no" was going to be my future. Well, if was picked I would live on as a Spartanâ€|If I wasn't I would be sent home where my parents did not even know who I wasâ€|

He brought me over and showed the board to meâ€|.it read"SIT-99 Record- Aim Accuarcy: 95 Speed Indictment: 79 Stealth Ability: 99 Commanding Proficiency: 89 Team Proficiency: 94" Then came the final words." Acceptance to UNSC Spartan Defense Initiation:" I read on then I saw it "Acceptance Granted".

I almost screamed, I was so happy. My life was going to only get better from here on.

"Those of you who were chosen, congratulations! Maybe you aren't such baby's after all. Report to the ship loading docks to my left. For those of you who didn't make it, either you barely did it or were pathetic. Remember, we wanted the best of you all. It was for the fate of the human race"

I picked up my bags and headed to the loading dock. My life as a Spartan had begun.

End
file.